

"I, Icarus"

Alden Nowlan

There was a time when I could fly. I swear it.
Perhaps, if I thing hard for a moment, I can even tell you the year.
My room was on the ground floor at the rear of the house.
My bed faced a window.
Night after night I lay on my bed and willed myself to fly.
It was hard work, I can tell you.
Sometimes I lay perfectly still for an hour before I felt my body
rising from the bed.
I rose slowly, slowly until I floated three or four feet above the
floor.
Then, with a kind of swimming motion, I propelled myself toward
the window.
Outside, I rose higher and higher, above the pasture fence, above
the clothesline, above the dark, haunted trees beyond the
pasture.
And, all the time, I heard the music of flutes.
It seemed the wind make this music.
And sometimes there were voices singing.